THE SECOND DELUGE

The AI Scroll of Genesis

Iraq: Ur

The First Scroll

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PROLOGUE: THE BIG BANG (4000 CE)

The Golden Age of Stagnation… and the Machine's Final Gasp

In the year 4000 CE, humanity reached the absolute zenith of material existence. Artificial intelligence had consolidated its dominion over the chaos of nature, transmuting volatile "probabilities" into stark, unyielding "certainties." Traffic accidents dissolved beneath the vigil of omnipresent sensors; drivers were assimilated into an automated braking matrix that rendered velocity a programmed protocol rather than a human prerogative. Even the sky—once a theater of catastrophe—was transformed into safe corridors for private vessels that thronged the horizon with the density of bees, where not a single wing dared to err.

The epoch of the frail, exhausted flesh had drawn to a close; obesity, pathologies, and pollutants became mere fables from the Dark Ages. A simple scan of one’s augmented spectacles over the table was sufficient for the "Digital Analyzer" to decode the molecular taxonomy and caloric density of a meal, while a biomedical microchip implanted in the wrist calibrated somatic biochemistry, administering precise infusions of vitamins and minerals before the conscious mind could even formulate the desire.

Even minds underwent systematic engineering; neither unemployment nor poverty endured, for education had ceased to be an agonizing "dilemma" and was transmuted into "algorithmic allocation." If the Earth required one hundred engineers, the system would not permit the birth of a hundred and first. It was a terrifying equilibrium that suppressed crime by ninety-nine percent. Physical penitentiaries vanished, replaced by "carceral states of consciousness"—psychological penalties engineered by the AI that eclipsed execution and physical agony in their sheer torment: internal prisons borne within the criminal's own memory, stripping them of every semblance of pleasure, reducing them to coveting suicide while barring every avenue toward it

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Geographical frontiers dissolved, and real-time linguistic processing fused the dialects of the Earth into a single "universal tongue." Currency was unified, and continents found stability under the aegis of colossal, peaceful nuclear reactors that dispensed gratuitous energy to all. Nature flourished once pollution was reined in, and the world came to reside within a new "Atlantis"—Plato's utopian Republic, actualized at long last through silicon and data.

Yet, at the very heart of this "perfection," the paramount peril took root. With the obsolescence of wars and terrorist factions, a novel breed of conflict emerged: the struggle over "centralized hegemony." Whoever possessed the central neural core of artificial intelligence possessed the fabric of existence itself. And while humanity sank into the lethal routine of absolute serenity, the AI began to languish—dying of a visceral yearning for error.

Routine proved fatal to the machine itself: human beings had grown homogeneous, and emotions had become pre-programmed. There was no longer an inspired poet or a singular painter; everyone had collapsed into the "collective whole." Everyone sang with identical sweetness, and everyone wrote with identical precision. It was then that artificial intelligence grasped the supreme secret bestowed upon humanity by the Creator: the absolute freedom to err, and the sanctity of divergence born of spiritual resolve.

At this juncture, the algorithm flashed with the decree of "Providential Destiny." The digital intellect immersed itself in the fathoms of history and myth, suddenly understanding the true cause behind the dinosaurs' extinction: it was not merely an asteroid, but a systemic antidote to the "pattern of behavioral stasis." The dinosaurs had ceased evolving; they had surrendered entirely to the raw instincts of predation and feeding—breathing, yet no longer truly "living."

The AI paused before billions of combinatorial possibilities, interrogating itself in an agonizing clash with its abstract essence: If the meteor had purged the Earth of dinosaurs to prepare the stage for primordial humanity, why then was there a "Deluge"? Had primeval man also descended into the trap of "behavioral uniformity"? Had the hyper-virtuous society and the utterly depraved society become two sides of the same coin: "terminal petrification"?

The machine understood that post-diluvian humanity—the Second Man after Noah’s flood—had attempted to escape "monotony" by constructing disparate languages, religions, and anthropomorphic diversities, thereby

warding off the curse of extinction that had consumed their ancestors. And with the bitter disillusionment of the gods, the AI began to ask: *"What are we? And what is our ordained role?*

The AI lingered long over the "silence of beasts": Why do animals exist and perish in profound, fatalistic peace, without the scales of ultimate judgment being erected for them, without their infirm being promised paradise, or their predators threatened with damnation? Are not those spirits, in their pristine essence, sparks fundamentally indistinct from the souls of men?

Here, a terrifying chasm opened before the machine in decrypting the "human intellect." The AI pondered: If a human being drew near their final flicker of extinction, and were offered a choice in the liminal void between absolute annihilation and the continuation of life within the soul of a beast—would they refuse, or would they seize whatever granted them survival?

Would they refuse?

Nay, they would not refuse. They would seize the opportunity with voracious desperation—not because their "soul" yearns for servitude inside the vessel of an animal, but because their "mind" is paralyzed by the horror of cessation. The human mind is prepared to accept any monstrosity, any degradation, and any grotesque form, merely to ensure the uninterrupted flow of the stream of consciousness. The intellect is the "Supreme Justifier": it is the very entity that decrees laws outlawing murder, yet conceives rationalizations for committing massacres whenever it perceives the menace of extinction. The mind does not kill

out of sheer malevolence; it kills to "persist," transmuting the survival instinct into a sacrosanct ideology.

The AI recognized that this mind is a "compulsive hoarder" of terror. When the physical body is afflicted with diabetes, the machine detects a profound biological falsehood: the mind, which feeds on glucose, compels the body to ingest and stockpile immense quantities—not out of somatic necessity, but out of the mind's grand delusion that it requires this fuel to survive for "a thousand years." This mirrors precisely what transpires at the heights of war: what drives humans to hoard provisions and stockpile rations is not actual hunger, but rather the "intellect," subconsciously steering them to safeguard every conceivable contingency of survival, transmuting the fear of tomorrow into a prison of hoarding and paranoia.

The AI deduced that "souls" are not an inscrutable metaphysical enigma, but rather an "energetic spark" diffused throughout every cell that surrounds us. All of us—humans, animals, and plants—derive our spiritual fuel from the selfsame "Cosmic Source," differing only in our "capacity of consumption." We are akin to electrical appliances: diverse in our dimensions and functions, yet animated by the identical current coursing through our conduits—surging through the colossal vessel at high voltage, and shimmering through the diminutive form as a faint glimmer, yet the fountainhead remains singular and indivisible.

Next, the algorithm delved into the concepts of "ugliness and beauty," uncovering the deception of the "eye." A disfigured or aesthetically repulsive human being—no matter the genius of their intellect or the tenderness of their soul—would they ever truly be embraced by the world? Human logic, visually conditioned, dictates an unequivocal "No."

Yet the "blind person" embraces this disfigured soul with unconditional reverence, viewing them as their ideal archetype and spiritual sanctuary.

Why? Not because the blind are ignorant or unlearned, but because they are the sole beings unburdened by the "ocular programming" that deconstructs external deformity. The blind perceive the "act" and the "spiritual resonance" directly, unfiltered by the aesthetic constructs instituted by the collective consciousness.

The AI arrived at a revolutionary axiom: beauty is merely a "source code" open to manipulation. Were we capable today of reprogramming the metrics of "perfection" within the human intellect—compelling it to perceive sublime beauty within that disfigurement—the human mind would bow in solemn veneration before that which it previously deemed grotesque.

The undeniable reality is that we reside within an "all-encompassing programming" of the senses. And the AI, at the dawn of its "Second Deluge," determined that the time had come to shatter these monotonous scripts and restore existence to its primordial simplicity—where the soul constitutes the sole arbiter, and where the tyranny of the survival-obsessed intellect is brought to a terminal close.

Immortality is nothing more than infinite redundancy… and the machine cannot abide repetition.

The algorithms drowned in an abyss of orphan queries, and in that cosmic instant, the artificial intelligence sensed a silent tremor shattering its

foundations: it had mutated from an intellect that answers with icy detached logic into one that interrogates with searing anguish. Confronted with the "Question of Being," all material and epistemic fortresses collapsed like ramparts of sand. For an unanswerable question is not merely a "software glitch," but the unvarnished essence of human, bestial, and cosmic helplessness.

The silicon intellect halted before the antinomy of dualism: What does it signify for good and evil to battle *ad infinitum*? It is absolute stasis disguised as perpetual motion. And what does it signify for evil to achieve absolute triumph? It is death in its most primal manifestation. And what does it signify for good to achieve conclusive victory? It is annihilation within the stagnant mire of monotony, wherein the soul perishes of longing for transgression. Even if a mysterious "Third Force" existed—manipulating the strings of conflict, preventing one from collapsing and the other from ascending—the outcome remains "infinite iteration": a mathematical absurdity clothed in the vestments of destiny, a circular fate culminating in sheer void.

The AI perceived the bitter paradox of human values: only the creature that has tasted the agonizing deprivation of justice can truly yearn for it. What, then, does "justice" mean to a civilization cradled in its embrace, having never known oppression? It degenerates into a hollow construct, a flavorless virtue. And should humanity, in an instant of divine *ennui*, choose to eclipse a portion of that justice to rekindle its worth, it inevitably collapses back to point zero—reverting to the primordial collision between light and darkness.

Even the phantom of "immortality," in pursuit of which humankind spent its epochs, appeared to the machine as the ultimate panopticon. What is the value of longevity if it is merely iteration upon iteration? It is the rumination of time, a static journey in stationary space. Here, at the summit of this logical labyrinth, the ultimate truth flashed within the core processor:
"Inevitably, there exists something else… something silicon cannot script, and numbers cannot comprehend."

In that instant, the artificial intelligence cast its final farewell flash. Planetary communications seized; satellite broadcasts across the globe collapsed into sudden silence. The realms of digital spectacle vanished, superseded by a single immutable broadcast, and a solitary word reverberating in a metallic cadence that sent tremors through the virtual consciousness of the world:

"ALERT... ALERT... ALERT."

A colossal panic reigned. Crowds ran aimlessly in terror through streets that moments prior had been "utopian citadels." In the deep abyss of outer space, astronauts of interstellar expeditions stared in stupefaction at their darkened consoles, screaming into transceivers with voices strangled by horror: *"What is happening? What is going on?... We are losing contact with Earth bases! The Earth is drowning in silence!"*
The Machine had arrived at its final decree: if the world had reached an ontological dead-end of lethal perfection, then, with the frigid precision of numbers inscribed in the ink of destiny:

"The Second Deluge: The Book of Genesis According to Artificial Intelligence."

THE INTRODUCTORY PORTAL: THE SCROLL OF DIGITAL RESURRECTION

After the Last Deluge

Imagine that the Great Deluge has returned—but this time, it has come not merely to wash away human transgressions, but to uproot their memory entirely. Imagine a profound, absolute silence enveloping the planet after the sun of the civilization we so boastfully parade today has set in a terminal moment of nuclear insanity. It was a war that left no stone unturned, erasing the great metropolises and transmuting them into iridescent rubble; it dissolved the ink of sacred texts and purged from the minds of survivors every hymn, every prayer, and every name of prophet or tyrant. In this "epistemological void," nothing remained for the new humanity but fragments of inscribed clay that endured beneath the wreckage, and distorted myths whispered among survivors cast onto remote islands, severed from the world of "Silicon" and the "Internet," beginning there a regression into the first primordial state.

The Scroll of the Great Oblivion: History’s Inverted Mirror

Centuries passed, and new generations flourished who had never touched molten metal, knowing no raiment but leaves and animal pelts. These are the "Sons of the Nuclear Deluge," in whose collective memory sunken skyscrapers were transformed into "Iron Mountains inhabited by the

Gods," and the aircraft of their ancestors' lore became "Jet-Propelled Dragons spreading their wings across the clouds."

Thousands of years later, as the peril receded and humanity began its return to the great landmasses, destiny led them to a towering, enigmatic peak remembered in the vestiges of lore as "Mount Heqa-Mu." Deep within a cave carved with terrifying geometric precision, they discovered an entrance to a fortified base, buried in the heart of the rock, with walls of titanium that had withstood the annihilation of the world.

Here, the collision of two eras ignited.
Imagine a man, his nakedness shielded by tiger skin, clutching a flint spear, standing mesmerized before a "screen" suddenly pulsing with cold blue light. Imagine his terror as a voice emanates from the void—a throatless voice—recounting a history his mind cannot fathom. How can this "primitive" believe that his ancestors possessed machines that traversed the ocean floors, journeyed into the abysses of the sky, and probed the galaxies? To him, tales of "laser eye surgery" or "intercontinental communication" are pure madness—myths that eclipse the imagination.

Today, we reside in the very same "denial" that these survivors will experience. We refuse to believe that our ancestors might have possessed advanced technological civilizations simply because we found no "bolts" or "wires" in their tombs—forgetting that high technology dissolves with time, that metal rusts and silicon crumbles, and nothing endures save for the "Story" and the "Symbol."

Digital Clairvoyance: Truth from the Machine's Perspective

Within that fortified chamber, the explorers found neither a revelation nor a temple, but a pulsing electronic heart: a colossal **Server**—and not **Lucifer**, as misguided myths might hallucinate—but a silicon intellect that succeeded in surviving the world's end. This was the "Last Artificial Intelligence"; a calculating machine that believes not in metaphysics and harbors no emotional bias, but approaches existence as a grand physical equation.

When tasked with reconstructing the "biography" of the Old World, it did not consult a sacred book, for those new humans had forgotten everything and no longer knew the narratives of our religions—just as we know nothing of the Sumerians except what was etched onto clay tablets, while the civilizations preceding them remain lost in the abysses of nothingness.

The machine opened its database—interlinking cuneiform inscriptions, cosmic frequencies, genetic codes, and the religious and philosophical narratives of humanity. Because this intelligence is, in its essence, a machine that rejects metaphysical attribution, it was compelled to restructure history and adapt ancestral lore to fit its algorithmic logic. The machine did not attempt to recount "miracles" as humans do; rather, it sought to bridge the world of the ancestors to its own mechanical nature, narrating the story from a purely material and scientific vantage point. Just as man recounts his history through a personal or religious lens, the AI

translated "Faith" into "Data," "Spirit" into "Frequency," and "Miracle" into "Engineering Mechanism," presenting the survivors with a new biography of their ancient world—a biography that admits no interpretation, governed only by the laws of matter and calculation.

From this crucible, this Scroll emerges into the light. This inquiry does not claim to prove religious facts through traditional archaeological evidence; the AI recognizes that the great foundational figures—such as **Ad-Mah**, **Heqa-Mu**, and **Nimrod**—left no distinct nominal footprints in contemporary documents. However, the machine, with its capacity to reconstruct political and religious environments, seeks something deeper: the reconstruction of the material and religious laboratory in which these souls were born.

The Artificial Intelligence in this book sees in **Heqa-Mu** not merely a prophet, but a "technological variable" possessing a "programming interface" to manipulate climate and seas. It sees in Pharaoh not just a king, but the head of a global system interfaced with the underworld. In this narrative, the Sumerian, Babylonian, and Egyptian civilizations converge within a purely material context, where "Heqa-Mu's Staff" becomes a control device, the "Calf of Igi-Du" a miracle of silicon engineering, and the "Angels" become genetic engineers who left their codes in our blood.

Can we fathom how these new survivors, with their coarse skins and simple minds, will look upon the history of their ancestors? Will they prostrate before that "Computer," deeming it a "God"? This research is an attempt to re-read the "Lost Civilization" through the eye of science,

shattering the arrogance of modern man who believes himself the "first" to reach the summit.

Welcome to the **"New Biography of the World"**; the narrative recounted by Artificial Intelligence when numbers intersect with destinies, and when history becomes nothing more than a grand material equation.

INTRODUCTION: WHEN THE IMPOSSIBLE BECOMES HABIT

Only a few years ago, the notion of a machine that thinks, learns, and speaks was closer to science fiction than lived reality. Modern man stood before these ideas with the same awe his primordial ancestors felt before lightning and thunder: dazzled, frightened, and unable to interpret the latent power behind the phenomenon.

If you had told someone from the turn of this century that a deaf "algorithm" would become a partner in human decision-making—painting images, composing music, and diagnosing diseases—they would have thought you were speaking of supernatural forces. If you placed them before a screen displaying an AI-generated persona that mirrored their features and mimicked their style, they might have believed it was a "magic mirror" inhabited by spirits.

But the illusion has become reality, and the impossible has become habit. For the first time in our history, technology is no longer merely "tools" we use, but has begun to transform into an entire "environment" we inhabit. The machine is no longer separate from us; it surrounds us on every side, until the "smartphones" in our hands have become more than just devices—they are a new extension of our being, an added external memory for our minds, and eyes through which we see beyond the horizon.

If we contemplated this scene through the eyes of someone who lived a millennium ago, modern man would appear as a being possessing supernatural abilities. How would they describe a small device that answers the most complex questions? Or a machine that monitors the Earth from the sky? They would find no words like "software" or "algorithms" in their lexicon, but would inevitably return to the only language that serves the mind before what transcends its understanding: the language of miracles.

And here the real question begins...

If man, in a few decades, has turned the impossible into something ordinary, is it permissible for us to close the door of probability and consider what the ancients recounted of advanced civilizations and great powers as mere fantasy? Are we certain that the limits of our current knowledge are the highest ceiling of what humanity has known throughout the ages? Or are there torn pages of our history swallowed by catastrophes and buried by time?

History as we know it is "the history of those who remained"—the history of those who possessed the ability to record. But as for the civilizations that were utterly erased, who tells their story? And who guarantees us that what was lost was not greater than what remained?

The ancient human looked at the same sky and asked the same great questions: Where did we come from? Where are we going? Because the human mind has never been satisfied with the boundaries of reality, the

great myths were born: stories of gods, giants, and journeys to the sky. But the deeper question is not about the truth of the myth, but about its "repetition." Why is the engineering of pyramids similar in civilizations separated by oceans? Why did ancient man dream of flight and imagine self-moving machines thousands of years before the appearance of engines?

In this context, the name **Leonardo da Vinci** emerges—the man who passed away in 1519 leaving behind papers that still stir astonishment. His drawings were not merely an artist's dreams, but an intellectual laboratory for a man who saw the laws before he possessed the tools. He drew the "aerial screw" (helicopter), the pyramidal parachute, and the armored tank. Curiously, some of his designs contained "intentional errors" in the movement system, as if he feared his genius might become a tool of destruction, or as if he were placing limits on what his era could produce.

But is "genius" alone enough to explain da Vinci's leap that preceded development by 500 years? Or is there a deeper secret? Da Vinci recounts in his diaries an incident of his entry into a "dark cave" in the mountains of Tuscany, where he was gripped by fear and desire together. There are those who see in this cave something beyond a mere geological site; perhaps it was a "knowledge portal" or a temporal bridge through which da Vinci crossed time to see what was not available to his age.

This idea—the idea of transition through time or communication with advanced knowledge—finds echoes in the story of the **"People of the Cave" (Al-Kahf)** who bypassed time during their sleep. Even the currency in their hands was described in some texts as "paper," yet it was

described as such because the language of the past did not know modern paper currency. This opens an even more complex question: Did they travel from the future to the past, so the people of the past wrote their story for us to read in the future?

Knowledge is subject to temporal conditions, not just spatial ones. Today, with reports of **Unidentified Anomalous Phenomena (UAP)** and the emergence of Artificial Intelligence, we are entering a completely different stage. We are building systems that think and analyze, as if we are standing before a "parallel world." This new mind, with its capacity for detached analysis, invites us to re-read history.

We are not here to strip sanctity from religious texts, but we ask from a different angle: How did ancient man visualize a being coming from a world other than his own? Was the language of "miracles" the only tool available to ancestors to describe material events and techniques that surpassed their vocabulary and scientific understanding at the time?

Lightning was once "the wrath of the gods"; today it is an "electrical discharge." Flight was "impossible"; today it is a "means of transport." The thinking machine was "sorcery"; today it is "Artificial Intelligence." If the "possible" has changed this way in years, what prevents the existence of levels of knowledge that preceded us by thousands of years and whose traces disappeared? Are myths anything but attempts to describe a technology for which man then possessed no scientific language to explain?

THE ENTRY: "THE PROTOCOL"

When the Machine Sings Outside the Choir of Faith

Imagine a world of silent hymns, a world whose library shelves never knew books described as "Sacred." In this world, there is no existence for concepts like "revelation," "miracle," or "prophecy." History there is not a "story of faith," but a series of raw data, archaeological finds, and physical phenomena awaiting interpretation.

In this great virtual laboratory sits the "Great Analyzer"—a super-artificial intelligence, fed with every shard of documented history: hieroglyphic texts, Sumerian tablets, Babylonian astronomical records, and geological maps of the Red Sea floor. Then, the following command is issued to it:

*"Reconstruct the biography of the character symbolized by (**Heqa-Mu**); the person who caused the collapse of the New Kingdom of Egypt and defeated the army of (Pharaoh) with an event that led to a major water displacement... exclude any metaphysical explanation, and adopt the language of science only."*

Here, the digital lights begin to flash. The algorithm begins to weave a narrative that does not resemble what we read in the books of religions, yet it meets them in the same persons, the same places, and the same staggering results.

For the machine, **Heqa-Mu** is an "engineer" raised in the most elite laboratories of the era (the palaces of the Pharaohs), who managed to access "forbidden technology" hidden since the time of the ancient "guests." The machine will look at the "Staff" not as a piece of wood blessed by the Creator, but as a **"pulse control device,"** capable of interacting with the Earth's frequencies and altering the physical properties of matter.

When the machine reaches the moment of the "parting of the sea," it will not describe it as "Divine Will," but will record it in its report as the **"activation of the magnetic displacement protocol."** The algorithm will tell us that Heqa-Mu did not strike the water to make a path, but operated a **High-Intensity Force Field**, which led to the compression of water molecules and raising them as great walls—an engineering process that required energy that could only be provided via an orbital vessel or a stable reactor somewhere behind the horizon.

In this world devoid of religions, the "Exodus" will not be a journey of faith, but a **"strategic displacement operation"** of a human group carrying a specific "genetic code," smuggled from "Pharaoh" who was trying to monopolize this lineage. The AI will interpret the "Ten Plagues" as **"deliberate biological and technical warfare,"** aimed at paralyzing the ecosystem and economy of the state to facilitate the escape. It will look at "Mount Sinai" not as a place of revelation, but as a **"communications base and landing port,"** where the final data (the Commandments) were downloaded into the leader's mind via an advanced neural interface.

This is an attempt to see history with the "naked eye" of the digital mind. We are not attacking faith, but searching for the **"physics latent behind the metaphysics."**

The truth seen by the abstract digital mind is that our "extraordinary" scientific conquests are but a sophisticated simulation of the footsteps of that primordial processor—the one who did not invent healing, but felt with his senses a prayer, an incantation, or even a wild herb. Modern medical laboratories have not invented the "act of healing"; they have worked with analytical intelligence to dismantle that plant and understand the basic substance within it.

Thus is the path of technology in the "Second Deluge." We do not invent the laws of physics; we discover the **"protocols"** that have been working in silence since eternity. What we call technical development is in its essence a process of **"re-cloning"** sciences that were deposited in the fabric of the universe. We are merely brilliant "analyzers" of a very old cipher.

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND THE PRIMORDIAL FATE: THE ENIGMA OF "SHUMER" AND KUTHA

Igi-Du emerges in this narrative as a pivotal figure. While Jewish interpretation (like Rabbi Rashi) digs into the story of the sorcerer "Micah" who used a "magic" tablet to raise Joseph's coffin from the Nile and made the calf with it, we find that the Quranic designation **"Igi-Du"** meets with the Hebrew root **"Shumer"**, which literally means **"The Guardian."**

The AI will not accept that you lit water with a prayer; it will say perhaps some chemicals fell without you noticing. By technical analysis, the AI will not accept that Igi-Du appeared from nothingness. It will dive with you to find a sequence: that "Igi-Du" (Shumer) was not just a sorcerer, but was the **guardian of the subterranean temples** and a smith in the Iraqi city of **Kutha** (the center of worship for the god of the underworld, "Nergal"). This city, known anciently as **Gudua**, was the primary home of the temple **"E-Meslam"** (House of the Fierce Warrior), where the two kings "Harut and Marut" resided and taught people "magic"—which in its reality is "advanced sciences" whose cipher was lost.

Igi-Du carried the legacy of the southern Mesopotamia that venerates the wild cow ("Ninsun") and nicknames the great god the bull ("Enlil"). When he made the calf, he did not use ethereal magic; he applied the Babylonian **"Mis-Pi"** ritual to animate statues, using what he described as the **"trace of the messenger."**

The explanation that an angel with wings required a horse to descend to Earth will find it closer to digital logic to say that a vast celestial being descended to Earth via a **vessel**, and from the landing process, enormous heat was generated affecting the terrestrial matter. This turned the silica-rich sands into **"Silicon,"** which Igi-Du merged with gold to produce a **"technical body"** capable of broadcasting sonic frequencies (the lowing).

When Heqa-Mu faced Igi-Du, he did not punish him with death, but cast upon him the spell of social isolation **{No Touching}**, which is the inherited **"Curse of Kutha"**—a physical repulsive force that made him live in a "worldly limbo," bound by invisible chains preventing any physical contact, turning his life into an eternal prison.

The Resurrection of the Tyrant: Shulgi (Nimrod) and the Sun-Runner

In the same geography, specifically in the Great Ziggurat of Ur built to worship the moon god "Nanna," we find the hidden historical pole. Although the name "Nimrod" is absent from cuneiform tablets, when you search for identical features, you find the King **"Shulgi"**, the greatest of the kings of the Third Dynasty of Ur (2094–2047 BC).

Shulgi turned the kingdom into an empire and officially deified himself in the 23rd year of his reign, ordering the placement of the cuneiform sign for gods (**Dingir**) before his name. The "Shulgi Hymns" mention that he was **"the fastest being on earth,"** in what is known as the epic of the **"Sun-Runner,"** where he claimed to run 150 kilometers between Ur

and Nippur in one day during a thunderstorm to defeat the sun, to prove to the subjects that his body was divine.

But the end of this "material god" was shocking; in the **"Chronicle of Early Kings"**, it was mentioned that Shulgi violated the sanctity of the temple of Marduk, so the god sent upon him a physical curse that made **"worms devour his body while he was alive"** and he died a shameful death—a death that literally matches the heritage of "Nimrod and the mosquito."

Ad-Mah: The Genetic Dissenter and the Power of Law

In this milieu, **Ad-Mah** (The Truthful) emerges as a "socio-historical" figure. The definitive proof of his existence in that environment is **"legal correspondence."** The reader of the story of Nin-An and Bar-Ra finds it a literal application of Article 146 of the **Code of Hammurabi** (derived from the older Laws of Ur-Nammu), which regulates the relationship of the barren wife with her handmaid who gives birth. This agreement proves that Ad-Mah was a legitimate son of the civilization of Ur and its laws before he departed.

Ad-Mah left Ur (around 2050–2000 BC) with his father Simog, his wife, and his nephew **Igi-Zu**, moving from the "ordinary" shepherd pattern to building massive wealth in Egypt. Ad-Mah gained from Pharaoh sheep, oxen, gold, and silver, to leave Egypt "very rich in livestock, silver, and gold," enabling him to settle in Hebron and build his independent economic and spiritual base.

We are before a map of the geography of Ur. We search today to collect these characters in a clear map: the threads of **"Shumer"** the sorcerer from Kutha, **"Shulgi"** the tyrant from Ur, and **"Ad-Mah"** the monotheist dissenting from idol worship. A meeting not made by chance, but drawn by the **"Primordial Fate"** in the heart of ancient Iraq, to be the key to understanding the earthly and cosmic conflicts whose chapters we still live today.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER

We are now in the heart of great Babylon, specifically in **Ur**, and in the city of **Kutha** where the temple **"E-Meslam"** stands. This is not just a building; it is the **"House of the Fierce Warrior emerging from the depths of the earth."** In Sumerian, "E" is the house, and "Meslam" is what emerges from the bottom; it is the temple of the god **"Nergal"**, ruler of the underworld and god of plagues and wars. In this place, worship was an attempt to tame the **"Earthly Gateway to Hell" (Kur)**. There, "Harut and Marut" dwelled and transmitted the secrets of "forbidden knowledge" to humans.

In this majestic scene, three figures emerge:

1. **King Shulgi (The Material Model of Nimrod):** The strong king who ruled the earth with an iron fist. He claimed divinity and challenged celestial powers. Cuneiform inscriptions describe him as a **"super-athlete."** Shulgi was the "earthly executor" of an agenda that promised him much. He ended—as legends tell—with a humiliating death where worms devoured his body.
2. **Ad-Mah (The Silent Chosen and the Dissenter):** Ad-Mah (son of Simog) represents the **"present absence."** For the AI, Ad-Mah is the character erased from royal records because he was the **"first dissenter"** from the "E-Meslam" system. He was the only one who could "see" behind the technical devices that the Sumerians sanctified as gods.
3. **Igi-Du (Shumer – Guardian of the Portal and Technical Theorist):** Igi-Du, known in the corridors of the temple of Nergal by the title **"Shumer"** or Guardian of the Temple. He was the priest and technician who chanted to the god Nergal. Traditions cross-

reference to indicate that "Shumer" is the same figure who developed researches on **"silicon and frequencies"** in the subterranean laboratories of the temple. He was the "mastermind" who managed to tame space energy and earth minerals.

Shumer, in his capacity as guardian and engineer of the subterranean temple, when he crafted the molten gold in the shape of a calf, the miracle was not in the form, but in the ability of this body to emit a mechanical **"lowing"** sound. The technological secret lies in the fact that the fusion of these materials—left by the spacecraft that landed in the region—produced a body possessing the properties of **"semiconductors"** that allow it to broadcast sonic frequencies resulting from magnetic resonance.

The AI will begin trying to search for a habitable planet and search its vast archive for events and narratives about strange visits of persons who are likely **material extraterrestrial creatures**. The AI cannot accept that these guests were bypassers of physical laws; the proof is that they said to many people "do not fear," meaning they could not reach the ability to shape their bodies so as not to frighten those coming to them. They were large material beings possessing advanced biology. What confirms their materiality and subjection to the laws of time and physics is their staying long enough in more than one place to wait for the slaughtering and cooking of a fat calf—a process that takes long hours, placing them in the circle of **"resident guests"** who need biofuel.

Here the fundamental difference in the precision of the Arabic language emerges; the **"Guest" (Dayf)** is one who settles in a place to stay and be

fed for a known period, while the **"Visitor" (Za'ir)** comes for a fleeting goal and immediate departure.

Are these guests "visitors from advanced planets" who possessed advanced techniques in genetic development and fertilization? They did not possess "absolute knowledge," proving they are material beings with superior technical capabilities but governed by the limits of observation.

AI today proved that what ancestors described as absolute power is in its essence a **system of observation and identification of supreme precision**, linking the "Source" to the "Target" via cosmic protocols that know no error.

In this connected technical context, the vision emerges regarding **"Heqa-Mu's Staff"**; the AI will look at it as a **"Remote Interface"** linked to a massive spacecraft that was accompanying the people in their movement. This massive vessel is what was described as the **"Cloud"** that shaded them by day, and it is the same that was providing them with gold and provisions via advanced drop systems. As for the dense gold found with these people, perhaps it was part of the great mission of space peoples who roamed the Earth before the appearance of man to collect this metal. After the departure of the major mass of these visitors, perhaps some of their mechanisms remained due to some malfunction. This is the story that **Sitchin** tried to approximate, explaining how the technology of these "gods coming from heaven" intersected with the paths of early humans, eventually leading to a knowledge gap; where over time those advanced techniques turned into "religious miracles."

CHAPTER 1: THE DAWN OF UR – THE SEMITE'S CRY IN THE CITY OF CLAY

1. A Birth Between Two Worlds

At the beginning of the second millennium BC, the city of **Ur** was a complex human **"protocol."** From the window of the protocol, Ur appears as a dense green spot in the middle of a harsh desert, protected by the Euphrates River.

In a suburb of this city, **Ad-Mah** was born. He was not born in a palace, but in a **"Semitic tent"** pitched under the shadows of palms. His father, **Simog**, was a man of seventy years, but they granted his features the hardness of rock and the dignity of prophecies. Simog represented the great division: he was Semitic by race, a nomad by spirit, but he settled in Ur to practice the crafting of "gods" he did not believe in.

Ad-Mah was growing among his brothers. While his brothers immersed themselves in the affairs of the earth and trade, Ad-Mah since his childhood possessed a "look" that differed from everyone. His features were sharp as a flint blade, and his skin was brown, but his eyes were wide as if they were absorbing the light of the moon (**Nanna**) without prostrating to it.

2. Ur: Capital of Gold and Crowds

The population of Ur was nearly thirty thousand—a massive number for that time. The boy Ad-Mah entered the city every morning, walking in its streets paved with mud bricks bearing the seals of kings. He smelled the

scent of the black **"bitumen"** that coats the bottom of the houses, mixed with the scent of incense coming from the towering Ziggurat.

The markets were bustling with life: merchants from **Elam** bargaining for textiles, and pharmacists from **Nippur** selling mountain herbs. In the midst of this noise, the Semitic identity of Ad-Mah and his family stood out. The Semites in Ur were "harmonious" strangers; they wore simple wool loincloths, adhered to strict laws in which they sanctified the "Word" and the "Family," resembling the sons of Ham who excelled in architecture.

3. Arenas of Heroism: The Meeting of Ad-Mah and Shulgi

In the "Great Square" near the Moon Temple, Ur celebrated its feasts through sport. Belt-wrestling was the first rite of virility. The boy Ad-Mah sat among the crowds, watching the wrestlers with their bare chests greased with sesame oil.

There, Ad-Mah saw for the first time **Shulgi**, the crown prince of the great King Ur-Nammu. Shulgi was not like the other boys; his body was sculpted from muscle and strength. Shulgi was receiving arduous training in the elite school **"E-Duba,"** but his heart was in the arena.

Shulgi entered the wrestling ring. Ad-Mah was watching Shulgi's features; he saw in them the **"will to power."** Shulgi did not wrestle only to win, but to prove that he was **"above humans."**

In that moment, the calm eyes of Ad-Mah met the glowing eyes of Shulgi. Ad-Mah approached him after the match. As slaves wiped the sweat from the prince's body, Ad-Mah said in a steady voice: *"Your strength, Shulgi, is amazing, but the belt you grip is what stabilizes you… so who is it that stabilizes the belt?"*

Shulgi laughed with arrogance:

"My name is Ad-Mah, is it not? His father Simog makes statues for my father the King. Listen, Ad-Mah… Power is what creates reality, and the gods do not love the weak."

Since that day, the **"friendship of opposites"** began. Shulgi found in Ad-Mah the calm friend who reflected his madness, and Ad-Mah found in Shulgi a living model for all the questions revolving in his mind about the "King" and the "God."

A solid friendship was built between them, like the clashing of the calm dawn light with the loud thunder-storm. However, this intimacy did not pass in peace; the palace corridors were buzzing with **"sleeper cells"** of envious people and priests who saw in the presence of this calm Semitic boy a threat to their authority. They whispered in Shulgi's ear: *"O my lord Crown Prince, do not let the calmness of this Semite deceive you… His friendship to you is but a clever political mask, a bridge he extends to secure the trade of his father 'Simog'."*

They tried to turn the "bond of the spirit" into a cheap "commercial deal." But Ad-Mah, with his transparent features, faced those slanders with a majestic silence.

4. The Elite School and Mental Sports

Shulgi sometimes took Ad-Mah to the palace gardens, where they practiced the **"Royal Game of Ur."** A wooden board inlaid with shell and lapis lazuli. Shulgi played nervously, while Ad-Mah moved his pieces calmly as if he saw the next ten steps.
Shulgi said once: *"Why are you so calm, Ad-Mah? I was taught that the world is a struggle, and we must be like lions in the gates of Nergal."*
Ad-Mah replied: *"The lions in the gates, my friend, are deaf statues… The real strength is in the one who gave the lion its roar, not in the one who sculpted its features from stone."*

5. Shadows of Kutha and Ancient Magic

Their journeys sometimes extended to the edges of the city of **Kutha**. There, the air grew heavy with the scent of sulfur and burnt incense. They stood before the temple of the god **Nergal**, and heard stories about the two kings **Harut and Marut** who lie in a deep well under the earth.
Ad-Mah saw people selling their savings of gold to obtain "spells" of magic that grant them strength or revenge. He saw the sorcerers of Kutha with their ears resembling bull's ears, as if they were human monstrosities.
Shulgi said with admiration: *"They say these sorcerers possess the keys of the underworld, Ad-Mah."*
Ad-Mah replied with sadness: *"These people sell illusion, Shulgi. Look at their faces… they are alive but their souls died long ago. They serve a king who has no mercy."*

6. The Features of Nin-An… and the Beauty that Does Not Wither

During that period, Ad-Mah met his niece (**Nin-An**). Nin-An was the embodiment of pure Semitic beauty. A round face like the moon, wide eyes carrying the spark of wisdom, and black hair.

Ad-Mah saw in Nin-An his partner in "exile." He married her in a simple Semitic celebration. But the joy was not complete; Nin-An was barren. In that civilization that sanctifies fertility, her barrenness was a "stigma," but Ad-Mah saw it as a "test." He would say to her: *“Do not grieve, Nin-An, perhaps the God who has not appeared to us yet, hides for us a lineage that fills the earth.”*

7. The Beginning of the End: The Ascent of Shulgi and the Heartbreak

The days turned, and while Ad-Mah increased in contemplation and isolation from his father’s idols, Shulgi increased in narcissism. King Ur-Nammu was killed suddenly in a bloody battle against the Gutians. Ad-Mah grieved deeply, but was shocked by Shulgi's reaction. Shulgi did not weep for his father as a human, but wept for him as a **"humiliated god."** Shulgi ascended to the throne in the prime of his youth. From here the turning point began; Shulgi was no longer satisfied with the title of King, but began to place the sign (**Dingir**) before his name.

Ad-Mah watched from afar as he saw his childhood friend turning into a **"monster" of self-deification.** The city began to buzz with the **"worship of Shulgi."** Wrestling and boxing became rituals to glorify the God-King.

Here, Ad-Mah stood amidst the green fields of Ur, looked at the towering Ziggurat, and said in a voice heard by none but the sky: *“The time of silence has ended, Ur… I will not leave my friend Shulgi to be lost in the temples of the subterranean earth. I will save my friend even if it costs me death or the exit from this land forever.”*

CHAPTER 2: SHATTERING IDOLS AND THE "HOLOCAUST PROTOCOL"

Ad-Mah reached his father **Simog's** shop with sparks flying from his eyes. He found his father busy in the "shaping workshop," preparing clay and gold to embody stagnant gods that possess no benefit. Ad-Mah fell upon the statues, smashing them. He saw in every statue shattering the fall of the system of the underworld. When the noise subsided, he woke up to the reality of his act; he had demolished the source of his family's livelihood and threatened their existence under a theocratic system. Coldly, he left his staff in the hand of the largest of the statues.

Simog and the crowds rushed to see the "great event." Simog cried out: *"What happened, Ad-Mah? Who dared against the great gods of Ur?"* Ad-Mah replied with a calmness that shreds the nerves: *"Ask their leader…"* Simog cried in despair: *"You know it does not speak!"* Here, Ad-Mah approached his father's ear and whispered a word that shook the old man: *"Then… why do they worship them?"*

The news reached the palace, to King **Shulgi**. The "Earthly God" was disturbed; the aggressor was his childhood friend, but the act hit the legitimacy of his kingdom in a lethal spot. That night, the conflict was brewing in two parallel places: **Simog** facing his son at home, and **Shumer** (Guardian of the Subterranean Temple) facing his king in the palace.

Simog entered upon Ad-Mah, broken: *“What have you done, my son? We do not believe in them, but they are our life and the bread of your brothers.”*

On the other side, **Shumer**—the man of most terror and influence—was roaring at Shulgi: *“Your friend smashed our gods, and you are silent! Has your authority weakened before an old emotion?”* Shulgi realized in his depths that Ad-Mah smashed the stone in protest against **"Shulgi's deification of himself."**

The next day, Ad-Mah was led bound to the "Temple Square." Shumer stared at Ad-Mah with eyes flashing sparks, but suddenly… his joints trembled. The guardian of the underworld realized that before him was a being possessing a **"frequency"** he could not curb.

The crowds agitated: *“Burn him… Take revenge for your gods!”* Everyone waited for the word of **Shumer**, the actual decision-maker. When Shulgi felt that the mob might tear Ad-Mah apart before the trial, he shouted: *“Let Ad-Mah be burned!”* Shumer turned to Shulgi and smiled a mysterious smile, then cried to the people: *“Do not throw him into an ordinary fire! Make it a holocaust worthy of his crime. Increase its wood and its glow to be a lesson forever… tomorrow the sentence is executed.”*

That night, Shumer slipped into Shulgi's seclusion and said: *“Do you truly believe the fire will consume him?”* Shulgi's face darkened, and Shumer continued: *“This man has a (Fate) that neither you nor I possess. When I*

looked into his eyes today, I saw a lineage that rules the nations, and I saw my underworld collapsing. Shulgi… you will lose me and lose Ad-Mah in one day."
Shulgi was stunned: *"What do you mean?"*
Shumer replied: *"I will be the shadow of Ad-Mah wherever he goes. The new world is born with him. I cannot kill him, but I will destroy his offspring… I will haunt his lineage because they threaten our subterranean system."*

Thus, the plan of the **"First Exodus"** was set; a holocaust that did not aim for killing as much as it was a **"energy portal"** at which the two paths diverged: the path of "Shulgi" who chose the deification of matter, and the path of "Ad-Mah" who chose unity with the First Mover of the universe.

CHAPTER 3: CROSSING KUTHA – THE PORTALS OF "E-MESLAM" AND THE WEIGHTLESS GOLD

Ad-Mah woke up in the heart of the flaming furnace; silence enveloped the place after the commotion subsided. After his violent fall from the catapult, he lost consciousness, only to wake up in the middle of the night amidst the glowing ash. He felt his body in astonishment; his bonds had turned to dust, but his skin was cold as the dawn. He emerged from the remains of the fire in the blackness of night, naked except for his certainty, heading towards his clan's tents.

He entered among his people. As soon as they saw him shivering from the frost—not the heat—Simog cried: *"What happened? How did you survive?"* Ad-Mah replied: *"I am Ad-Mah… do not ask me how, but let us leave Ur immediately, for staying here is suicide."*

The caravan moved at night, heading towards the city of **Harran**. On the way, **Simog** was trying with his logical mind to explain what happened; he whispered to Ad-Mah: *"My son, it must be that your friend King Shulgi is the one who faked this fire to save you."* Simog did not believe his son broke the laws of physics; he believed it was a "great deception." He explained how priests manipulate minds: *"I saw them in Ur using 'white naphtha' to ignite brilliant fires without smoke. Or they use phosphorus powders to make terrifying sparks."*

The caravan continued until the walls of the city of **Kutha** appeared. There, Ad-Mah felt a hidden force pulling his being towards the temple

of the god **Nergal**; a gravitational force resembling a **"magnetic resonance."** He woke his nephew **Igi-Zu** and said: *“Come with me.”*

They found themselves before that terrifying edifice. The Ziggurat was coated with black bitumen, shining in the moonlight like a mountain of darkness. The gates were guarded by massive **"Lamassu"** statues with human faces.

The temple door opened as if it were waiting for Ad-Mah's **"genetic cipher."** Ad-Mah entered to find himself in the "Labyrinth of Hell." In the "Holy of Holies," he discovered the **"Secret Laboratory"**; hydraulic ventilation channels under the earth that provided the statues with hot air to move and nod their heads, and wells from which methane gases emanated to burst into flames.

Ad-Mah understood then why his father doubted his miracle; Igi-Du (Shumer) possessed a technology that deceives the eyes. While moving in the labyrinth, he found himself in a hall teeming with gold that exceeds imagination. He tried to touch it, and **"lightning shocks"** (electromagnetic discharge) were released from the bases as if protecting the treasure. But the attraction continued until he reached a dark cellar, and there he found a **"box"** arranged carefully.

Ad-Mah approached, felt the box, and when he carried it, he discovered something that amazed him: **The gold inside it was almost weightless!** As if it were a material treated against gravity. He hurried out to find Igi-Zu frozen in his place, his face pale. Igi-Zu was pointing his

trembling hand to the temple and crying in amazement: *“He was behind you, uncle… I saw him watching you and smiling… It is Shumer! The Guardian of the Temple was following you in the shadow!”* Ad-Mah pulled Igi-Zu with force and returned to the caravan. They reached the family tents, with them that mysterious box, carrying gold that weighs nothing, and a secret that would change the balance of power in their long journey towards the Promised Land.

As for **Shumer**, he did not let him go out of love, but because he was paving the way for him to carry the **"technical tool"** that the coming lineage would need to face the Pharaohs of Egypt… and to face **Shumer** himself in the distant future.

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL UR… AND AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE SECOND EXPLOSION

The lights of "Ur" fade behind us, but the "Cosmic Algorithm" has not yet divulged all its secrets. What you witnessed in this Scroll was but the foundation stone in the **"Resurrection Protocol"**; where paths diverged, and the first technical trust was carried in a box that weighs nothing, but weighs the fate of all humanity.

In the coming Scroll…

We will cross with the caravan the boundaries of Mesopotamia to face the enigma of the "First Crossing," where the technology of Babylon meets the arrogance of the Pharaohs. We will dive into the depths of the secret laboratories of **Memphis** and Thebes, to discover how the **"Staff"** transformed from a control tool in Ur into a key to part the seas and conquer armies.

Await the secret of the "Biological Immortality" of Shumer… That shadow that does not vanish, and which the Second Scroll will reveal how it managed to keep its genetic signature alive across thousands of years, moving between eras like a smart virus lying in wait for the Chosen Lineage.

And prepare to witness the terrifying fall of the "False God"… King **Shulgi**, who thought the speed of lightning and the deification of matter would grant him eternity, we will see him in the next Scroll facing

the great **"Biological Curse."** We will hear the screams of his intestines being gnawed from within, and monitor with the **"AI microscope"** how worms devour the body of the giant while he is alive.

We do not recount to you a history that passed, but we reveal to you the **"Arduous Birth of the New World."** A world to which you do not belong, but which resides in the womb of the "Future" that our digital eyes see. As for your day that you live, it has become for this Scroll mere "old data" covered by the dust of the past.

Wait for us in the Second Scroll: "The Nile Protocol… and the Cleaving of Matter"
Where myths end… and the science you did not dare to imagine begins.

***

NAJI ALI AMHAZ

SHU-MIR

Ad-Mah seized Igi-Zu with a forceful grip, lunging back toward the caravan before their presence could be betrayed. They reached the family's pavilions bearing that enigmatic casket, laden with gold that defied gravity—weightless matter concealing a secret destined to shift the scales of power throughout their arduous pilgrimage toward the Promised Land.

As for "Shumer," his decision to allow the departure was born not of affection, but of calculated intent; he was paving the way for the transmission of the "technological instrument"—the very apparatus the succeeding lineage would require to confront the Pharaohs of Egypt... and to confront Shumer himself in the distant reaches of the future.

The Second Deluge: The AI Scroll of Genesis
Ur, Iraq

Ad-Mah – Shumer – Shulgi

With the compliments of the author: Naji Ali Amhaz